

THE
P I G,
AND THE
MASTIFF.
TWO
TALES.

De te Fabula narratur.



L O N D O N

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Thompson, L. E. 1897. The life of Cornell.

SECRET



THE P I G. A T A L E.



OME Husbands on a Winter's Day,
Were met to laugh their Spleen away;
As Wine flows in, and Spirits rise,
They praise their Consorts to the Skies:

Obedient Wives were seldom known,

Yet all could answer for their own.

Acknowledg'd each as Sov'reign Lord,

Abroad, at home, in Deed, in Word :

In short, as absolute their Reign as
Grand Seignior's over his Sultanas.

For Pride, or Shame to be out-done,
All joyn'd in the Discourse but One;
Who vex'd so many Lies to hear,
Thus stops their arrogant Career:
'Tis mighty strange, Sirs, what you say!
What! all so absolutely sway!
In *England*, where *Italians* wife,
Have plac'd the Women's Paradise?
In *London*, where the Sexes Flower,
Have of that *Eden* fix'd the Bower?
Fie, Men of Sense to be so vain!
You're not in *Turkey*, or in *Spain*.
True *Britons* all; I'll lay my Life,
None here is Master of his Wife.

These Words the general Fury rouse,
And all the common Cause espouse.

'Till one with Voice superior said,
(Whose Lungs were foundier than his Head)
I'll send my Footman instant Home,
To bid his Mistress hither come.

And if she flies not at my Call,
To own my Pow'r before you all,
I'll grant I'm hen-peckt, if you please,
As *Sh——ck*, or as *Socrates*.

Hold there, replies th' Objector fly,
Prove first, that Matrons never lie;
Else Words are Wind. To tell you true,
I neither credit them nor you.
No, we'll be judg'd a surer Way,
By what they do, not what they say.

I'll hold you severally that boast,
 A Supper at the Loser's Cost,
 That if you'll but vouchsafe to try
 A Trick I'll tell you by and by,
 Send strait for every Wife quite round,
 One Mother's Daughter is not found,
 But what before her Husband's Face,
 Point-blank his Order disobey.

To this they One and All consent,
 The Wager laid, the Summons went.
 Mean while he this Instruction gives,
 Pray only gravely tell your Wives,
 Your Will and Pleasure is t'invite
 These Friends to a boil'd Pig to Night,
 The commoner the Trick has been,
 The better Chance have you to win:

The

The Treat is mine, if they refuse ;
 But if they boil it, then I lose.

The first to whom the Message came
 Was a well-born and haughty Dame ;
 A faucy, independent She,
 With Jointure, and with Pin-Money.
 Secur'd by Marriage-Deeds from Wants,
 Without a sep'rate Maintenance.
 Her Loftiness disdain'd to hear
 Half-through her Husband's Messenger ;
 But cut him short with——How dare he
 Mong Pot-Companions send for me ?
 He knows his Way, if sober, Home,
 And if he wants me, bid him come.
 This Answer hastily return'd
 Pleas'd all but him, whom it concern'd.

For each one thought his Wife on Trial,
Would brighter shine by this Denial.

The second was a Lady gay,
Who lov'd to visit, dress, and play,
To sparkle in the Box, or Ring,
And dance on Birth-Nights for the King:
Whose Head was busy wont to be,
With something else than Cookery.
She hearing of her Husband's Name,
Tho' much a Gentlewoman, came.
When half-inform'd of his Request,
A Dish as he desir'd it dress,
Quoth Madam, with a serious Face,
Without enquiring what it was ;
You can't sure for an Answer look,
Sir, do you take me for your Cook ?

But

But I must haste a Friend to see,
 Who stays my coming for her Tea.
 So said, that Minute out she flew,
 What could the flighted Husband do ?
 His Wager lost must needs appear,
 For none obey that will not hear.

The next for Housewifry renown'd,
 A Woman notable was own'd,
 Who hated Idleness and Airs,
 And minded Family-Affairs.
 Expert at every Thing was she,
 At Needle-Work, or Surgery :
 Fam'd for her Liquors far and near,
 From richest Cordial to Small Beer.
 To serve a Feast she understood,
 In *English*, or in foreign Mode :

Whate'er the wanton Taste could chuse
 In Sawces, Kickshaws, and Ragousts.
 She spar'd for neither Cost nor Pain.
 Her welcome Guests to entertain,
 Her Husband fair accosts her thus,
 To Night these Friends will sup with us.
 She answer'd with a Smile, My Dear,
 Your Friends are always welcome there.
 But we desire a Pig, and pray
 You'd boil it—— Boil it, do you say ?
 I hope you'll give me Leave to know
 My Business better, Sir, than so.
 Why ! ne'er in any Book was yet
 Found such a whimsical Receipt.
 My Dressing none need be afraid of,
 But such a Dish was never heard of.
 I'll roast it nice—— but shall not boil it,
 Let those that know no better spoil it.

Her Husband cry'd, For all my Boast,

I own the Wager fairly lost.

And other Wives besides my Love,

Or I'm mistaken much, may prove

More chargeable than this to me,

To show their Pride in Housewifry.

Now the poor Wretch who next him sat,

Felt his own Heart go pit-a-pat,

For well he knew his Spouse's Way ;

Her Spirit brook'd not to obey ;

And never yet was in the wrong :

He told her with a trembling Tongue,

Where, and on what, his Friends would feast,

And how the Dainty should be dress'd.

To Night ? quoth, in a Passion, she ;

No, Sirs, to Night it cannot be.

(10)
And was it a boil'd Pig you said ?
You and your Friends sure are not mad !
The Kitchen is the proper Sphere
Where none but Females should appear.
And Cooks their Orders, by your Leave,
Always from Mistresses receive.
Boil it ? Was ever such an Ass ?
Pray what would you desire for Sawce ?
If any Servant in my Pay,
Dare dress a Pig that silly Way,
In spight of any Whim of yours,
I'll turn him quickly out of Doors.
For no such Thing, nay, never frown,
Where I'm the Mistress shall be done.
Each Woman-wise her Husband rules,
Passive Obedience is for Fools.

This Case was quickly judg'd. Behold,
 A Fair One of a softer Mould;
 Good Humour sparkled in her Eye,
 And unaffected Pleasantry.
 So mild and sweet she entred in,
 Her Spouse thought certainly to win.
 Pity such golden Hopes should fail!
 Soon as she heard th' appointed Tale,
 My Dear, I know not, I protest,
 Whether in earnest or in jest,
 So strange a Supper you demand;
 Howe'er I'll not disputing stand,
 But do't as freely as you bid it,
 Prove but that ever Woman did it.
 This Cause, by general Consent,
 Was lost for Want of Precedent.

Thus each deny'd a several Way ;

But all agreed to disobey.

One only Dame did yet remain,

Who downright honest was and plain ;

If now and then her Voice she tries,

'Tis not for Rule, but Exercise.

Unus'd her Lord's Commands to flight,

Yet sometimes pleading for the right,

She made her little Wisdom go

Farther than wiser Women do.

Her Husband tells her, looking grave,

A roasting Pig & boil'd would have :

And to prevent all *Pro* and *Con*,

I must insist to have it done.

Says she, My Dearest, Shall your Wife,

Get a Nick-Name to last for Life ?

If you resolve to spoil it, Do;
 But I desire you'll eat it too:
 For though 'tis boil'd, to hinder Squabble,
 I shall not, will not sit at Table.

She spoke, and her good Man alone
 Found he had neither lost nor won,
 So fairly parted Stakes. The rest
 Fell on the Wag that caus'd the Jest,
 Would your Wife boil it? Let us see.
 Hold there—— You did not lay with me.
 You find, in spite of all you boasted,
 Your Pigs are fated to be roasted.
 The Wager's lost, no more contend;
 But take this Counsel from a Friend:
 Boast not your Empire, if you prize it,
 For happiest he that never tries it.

Wives unprovok'd think not of Sway,
 Without commanding they obey.
 But if your dear Ones take the Field,
 Resolve at once to win or yield,
 For Heav'n no Medium ever gave
 Betwixt a Sovereign and a Slave.





THE MASTIFF.

A TALE.

YOUR deep Observers of Mankind,
Assure us constantly they find

A strong Propensity of Nature,
Rooted in every human Creature,
To do what otherwise they would not,
When once forbid, because they should not.
This Inclination, so perverse,
Is laid by *Partridge* on the Stars.

Your

Your Rakes, with Floods of Elocution,
 Charge it on Chance, or Constitution :
 And out of fashion'd Folks believe
 It sprung from *Adam* and from *Eve*.
 But though your Wits dispute about it,
 The Fact itself was never doubted,
 This Truth t'illustrate, I have chosen
 One common Story from a Thousand.
 Let Criticks at the Fable quarrel,
 There's no Exception to the Moral.

In Days of Yore (no need to show
 How many hundred Years ago)
 A Pair there flourish'd, free from Strife,
 Who liv'd, indeed, like Man and Wife.
 Her Temper mild and sweet, abhorr'd
 To scold and wrangle at her Board.

Their

Their Nights were peaceable, and freed
 From Curtain Lecture was the Bed;
 When in a Fault her Spouse she found,
 She rarely, very rarely, frown'd.
 In short, she gave him not Occasion,
 For half the Trouble and Vexation,
 Which many a Hen-peck'd-keeping Varlet,
 Endures most meekly from his Harlot.

Next Door a Captain chanc'd to shine;
 Whose Clothes and Equipage were fine,
 A young, and well accomplish'd Heir,
 Of gentle Blood, and Fortune fair;
 For ever at the Ladies Call,
 To deal the Cards, or lead the Ball;
 To Squire them to the Church or Play,
 And Sense or Nonsense sing or say.

This Youth sometimes occasioned Pain;
 In our too happy Husband's Brain;
 Yet of himself asham'd, with Care
 He kept his Dreams from taking Air,
 Else every Gossip in the Town
 Had rose in Arms, and fac'd him down;
 She never knew in all her Life,
 A Dame more Virtuous than his Wife.

Before the Wight was wholly freed
 From these Disorders in his Head,
 Such Business called him from his House
 As scarce gave Time to tell his Spouse;
 He would have instantly been gone,
 As being Old enough, alone,
 But she, good Woman! durst not send him,
 Without a Servant to attend him.

She kindly begs him not to stay,
 When Business was dispatch'd, a Day.
 He promises, when in his Power,
 He would not Absent be an Hour.

Soon as conveniently they can,
 Up mounts the Master and the Man;
 When once set out they travell'd fast,
 Yet e'er they half-a Mile had past
 His Jealousy began to rise,
 Thought he, as being deadly wise,
 This Captain now, behind my back,
 Addresses to my Wife will make:
 'Tis true, I shan't continue long,
 But she is Fair, and he is Young,
 And if it once be done, 'tis plain
 It ne'er can be undone again.

I own, I never yet could find,
Her Heart to Gallantry inclin'd;
But then, in such a Case, a Man
Can hardly be too careful——*John*,
Go, bid your Mistress keep at Home,
Nor see the Captain till I come.
John gallops back, but on his Way,
Thus, with himself, began to say,
And pray, where is it I am going?
And, what Fool's Errand am I doing,
To make my Mistress, for her Life,
A faithless, or a scolding Wife?
At best she'll wonder what he ails,
And fancy I've been telling Tales,
Though she is yet, I dare be sworn,
As blameless as the Babe unborn;
Perhaps, to be forbid may tempt one,
To wish for what one never dreamt on.

I'll carry no such Message home,
To cause my Master's Cuckoldom.
Thus fearful of foreseen Disaster,
And much discreeter than his Master,
Resolv'd full sagely, back he came,
And frighted heartily the Dame,
Who thought her Lord had come to Harm,
And broke, at least, a Leg or Arm;
For *John* made Twenty Hum's and Ha's,
When question'd what the Matter was.
He was not like your Servants now,
But of Invention dull and flow;
He could not hammer out a Lie,
The Lady stood impatient by.
What ails your Master? — Tell me quick.
He begs you would not — Can't you speak?
Not ride the Mastiff till you see him;
What! does the Fellow rave or dream?

I'll

You

You are not sure 'twas all he said,
Yes, indeed, Madam — Is he Mad?
Not ride the Mastiff! What a Whim!
Who ever thought of riding him?
Go back again from me, and pray,
Desire he'd let you with him stay,
Or find some wiser Message, *John*,
Hereafter to employ you on.

He went, and Mother Nature now,
In Madam's Breast began to glow.
She mus'd; but still the more she thought,
The less she found the Meaning out.
Not ride the Mastiff! Could it be
Merely to try his Sovereignty,
When from her very Wedding Day
She ne'er was known to disobey;

There

There must be something in't to make
 Him fend a Servant posting back.
 She never heard of it before;
 Perhaps the Maids might tell her more,
 For Maids, or those that bear the Name,
 May sometimes teach a wedded Dame.
 She thought the emptiest of the Two
 Would soonest blab out all she knew,
 But *Betty* never *Touzer* rid,
 Nor heard of any one that did.
 Vex'd at her asking such a Ninny,
 She sends her down to call up *Fenny*;
 Yet slyer *Fane* could tell no more
 Than simpler *Betty* had before;
 But star'd with all the Eyes she had,
 And thought her Mistress drunk or mad.
 Tho' begg'd, and storm'd, and begg'd again,
 But Prayers and Threatnings were in vain;

ere
She

She might as easily have fought
 To found the Bottom of a Plot;
 Or, though a Woman, ta'en Occasion
 T' enquire the Secret of *Free Mason*,
 And how, as Mystic Lodge supposes,
 Duke *Wharton* can succeed to *Moses*.

No Diligence there wanting was,
 Yet so deplorable her Case,
 Through Servants' obstinate Denial,
 Nothing was left her but a Trial.
 Who should the secret Fact betray?
 One Word her self she would not say,
 What no one saw who should reveal?
 For sure the Mastiff could not tell.
 Resolv'd at length, she calls him to her,
 And shutting carefully the Door,

She clapp'd his Head, and strok'd his Side,

("Twas now no more than up and ride.)

Fast by his Neck she held, and thus

Mounted her strange *Bucephalus*;

Nor found it difficult to get,

Without a Stirrup, to her Seat.

Touzer, unus'd to be bestrode,

Groan'd sorely at the wicked Load,

And strove all Ways to disencumber,

His burthen'd Shoulders of their Lumber;

Rear'd, and curvetted, and in fume,

Trotted, and gallop'd round the Room.

But she, who now, or never thought,

To find her Husband's Meaning out,

Firm, though without a Saddle, sat,

And clung as closely as a Cat.

But Fortune often spoils the Course,
Whether we ride on Dog or Horse,
Under a Table crept her Steed,
Threw her, and broke her addle Head,

Enrag'd, and surly, up she got,
Rail'd at her Husband for a Sot;
When he return'd she kept her State,
Nor stirr'd to meet him at the Gate.
Up Stairs he went, and found her Ill,
Silent, she frown'd, and sullen still,
But could not Scolding long refrain,
Or take it in poetic Strain,
At length the Cloud that lowring hung,
Burst into Thunder of her Tongue,
Like Lightnings flash her Eye appears,
And Rain fell plenteous in her Tears.

See — What you made the Mastiff do !

Did ever any Man but you —

And on she went, but there's no need

Of punctual telling all she said,

An Extract may suffice — The Dame

Full on her Husband turn'd the Blame.

Stark, staring Mad, he, to forbid it !

She, a poor Innocent, that did it !

The Man, who knew not what was done,

Ran down amaz'd, and fell on *John*.

Sirrah ! What makes your Mistress rave ?

What was the Message that you gave ;

To break my Wife's Head ? *John* reply'd,

bid her not the Mastiff ride.

The Master furious 'gan to look,

John begg'd one Word before he struck.

Sir, had I charg'd her in your Name,
 To shun the Captain till you came,
 Doubtless the Case had been the same.
 Her Forehead broke your Brow secures,
 Or else the Knobs had been on yours.

F I N I S.



THE
Universal Passion.
SATIRE III.

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE
Mr. DODINGTON.

*Tanto major Fama sitis est, quàm
Virtutis.*

JUV. SAT. 103

The Third Edition.



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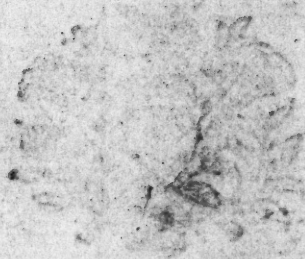
Printed by S. POWELL, for GEORGE EWING, at the *Angel*
and *Bible* in *Dame's-street*, MDCCLXXVI,

STAIR E. III.

MR. DODDINGTON.

For the purpose of the above named work, the following is the list of the names of the persons who have been employed in the execution of the same.

The above named persons have been employed in the execution of the above named work, and have been paid for their services at the rate of one shilling per week.



Printed by S. P. Doddington, for the Committee of the Council of the University of Cambridge, at the University Press, Cambridge.



SATIRE III.

LONG, *Dedington*, in debt, I long have fought
 To ease the burthen of my grateful thought;
 And now a poet's gratitude you see,
 Grant him two favours, and he'll ask for three;
 For whose the present glory, or the gain?
 You give protection, I a worthless strain.
 You love, and feel the poet's sacred flame,
 And know the basis of a solid fame;
 Tho' prone to like, yet cautious to commend,
 You read with all the malice of a friend;
 Nor favour my attempts that way alone,
 But more to raise my verse, conceal your own.

An ill-tim'd modesty! turn ages o'er,
 When wanted *Britain* bright examples more?
 Her *Learning*, and her *Genius* too decays,
 And *dark*, and *cold* are her declining days;
 As if men now were of another cast,
 They meanly live on alms of ages past.
 Men still are men, and they, who boldly dare,
 Shall triumph o'er the sons of cold despair;
 Or, if they fail, they justly still take place
 Of such, who run in debt for their disgrace,
 Who borrow much, then fairly make it known,
 And damn it with Improvements of their own.
 We bring some new materials, and what's old
 New-cast with care, and in no borrowed mould;
 Late times the verse may read, if these refuse,
 And from sow'r Critics vindicate the muse.

"Your work is long," the Criticks cry: 'tis true,
 And lengthens still, to take in fools like you;
 Shorten my labours, if its length you blame,
 For, grow but wise, you rob me of my game;
 As hunted hags, who, while the dogs pursue,
 Renounce their four legs, and start up on two.

Like

Like the bold bird upon the banks of Nile,
 That pick the teeth of the dire crocodile.
 Will I enjoy (dread feast!) the Critic's rage,
 And with the fell Destroyer feed my page.
 For what ambitious fools are more to blame
 Than those, who thunder in the Critic's name?
 Good authors damn'd, have their revenge in this,
 To see what wretches gain the praise they miss.

Balbutius muffled in his sable cloak,
 Like an old Druid from his hollow oak,
 As ravens solemn, and as boading, cries,
 Ten thousand worlds for the Three Unities!
 Ye Doctors sage, who thro' *Parnassus* teach,
 Or quit the tub, or practise what you preach,

One judges, as the weather dictates, right
 The poem is at noon, and wrong at night;
 Another judges by a surer gage,
 An author's principles, or parentage;
 Since his great ancestors in *Flanders* fell,
 The poem, doubtless, must be written well.
 Another judges by the writer's look;
 Another judges, for he bought the book;
 Some judge, their knack of judging wrong to keep,
 Some judge, because it is too soon to sleep.

Thus

Thus all will judge, and with one single aim,
 To gain themselves, not give the writer fame.
 The very Beast ambitiously advise,
 Half to serve you, and half to pass for wise;
 None are at leisure others to reward;
 They scarce will damn, but out of self-regard.

Critics on verse, as squibs on triumphs wait,
 Proclaim the glory, and augment the state,
 Hot, envious, noisy, proud, the scribbling try
 Burn, hiss, and bounce, waste paper, stink, and die.
 Rail on, my friends! what more my verse can crown
 Than *Compton's* smile, and your obliging frown?

Not all on *books* their Criticism waste,
 The genius of a *dish* some justly taste,
 And *eat* their way to fame; with anxious thought
 The Salmon is refus'd, and Turbot bought.
 Impatient art rebukes the sun's delay,
 And bids *December* yield the fruits of *May*.
 Their various cares in one great point combine,
 The business of their lives, that is — *to dine*,
 Half of their pretious day they give the feast,
 And, to a kind Digestion spare the rest.

Apicius here, the taster of the town,
Feed twice a-week, to settle their renown.

These worthies of the palate guard with care
The sacred annals of their bills of fare,
In those choice books their Panegyricks read,
And scorn the creatures that for hunger feed.
If man by feeding well commences great,
Much more the worm, to whom that man is meat.

To glory some advance a lying claim,
Thieves of renown, and Pilferers of fame;
Their front supplies what their ambition lacks,
They know a thousand lords, *behind their backs*.
Cottil is apt to wink upon a peer.
When turn'd away, with a familiar leer;
And *H—y's* eyes, unmercifully keen,
Have murder'd fops, by whom she ne'er was seen.
Niger adopts stray libels, wisely prone
To covet shame, still greater than his own;
Bathyllus in the winter of threescore
Belyes his innocence, and keeps a whore;
Absence of mind *Brabantio* turns to fame,
Learns to mistake, nor knows his brother's name,

Has

Has words, and thoughts in nice *disorder* set;
 And takes a memorandum to *forget*,
 Thus vain, nor knowing what adorns, or blots,
 They forge the patents, that create them fots.

As love of pleasure into pain betrays,
 So most grow intamous thro' love of praise;
 But whence for praise can such an order rise,
 When those, who bring that incense we despise?
 For such the vanity of great, and small,
 Contempt goes round, and all men laugh at all.

Nor can even Satire blame them, for 'tis true
 They must have ample cause for what they do.
 O! fruitful *Britain*! doubtless, thou wast meant
 A nurse of Fools to stock the continent.
 Tho' *Phœbus*, and the Nine for ever mow,
 Rank folly underneath the scythe will grow,
 The plenteous Harvest calls me forward still,
 Till I surpass in length my Lawyer's bill,
 A *Welch* descent, which well-paid Heralds damn,
 Or, longer still, a *Dutchman's* Epigram,
 When cloy'd, in fury I throw down my pen,
 In comes a Coxcomb, and I write agen.

See!

See! *Tityrus* with merriment possest;
 Is burst with laughter; ere he hears the jest,
 What need he stay? for when the joke is o'er,
 His teeth will be no whiter than before.
 Is there of these, ye Ladies! such a dearth,
 That you need purchase monkeys for your mirth?

Some vain of Paintings, bid the world admire;
 Of Houses some, nay houses that they hire;
 some (perfect wisdom!) of a beauteous Wife,
 And boast, like *Cordellers*, a scourge for life.

Sometimes, thro' pride, the Sexes change their airs,
 My lord has vapours, and my lady swears,
 Then (stranger still!) on turning of the wind,
 My lord *wears breeches*, and my lady's kind.

To shew the strength, and infamy of pride,
 By all 'tis follow'd, and by all deny'd.
 What numbers are there, which at once pursue
 Praise, and the glory to condemn it too?
 To praise himself *Vincenna* knows a shame,
 And therefore lays a stratagem for Fame;
 Makes his approach in modesty's disguise
 To win applause, and takes it by surprize.

" To err, says he, in small things is my fate. "

You know your duty, *he's exact in great.*

" My style, says he, is rude, and full of faults. "

But O! what Sense? what energy of Thoughts?

That he wants Algebra he must confess.

But not a Soul to give our arms success.

" Ah! that's a hit indeed, *Vincenna* cries;

" But who in heat of blood was ever wise?

" I own 'twas wrong, when thousands call'd me back,

" To make that hopeless, ill advis'd attack;

" All say 'twas madness, nor dare I deny;

" Sure never fool so well deserv'd to die."

Could this deceive in others, to be free,

It ne'er, *Vincenna*, cou'd deceive in thee.

Whose conduct is a comment to thy tongue

So clear, the dullest cannot take thee wrong.

Thou in one suit wilt thy whole Income wear,

And haunt the court, without a prospect there.

Are These expedients for Renown? confess

Thy *little self*, that I may scorn thee less.

Be wise, *Vincenna*, and the court forsake,

Our fortunes there nor *thou*, nor I shall make.

Ev'n *men of merit*, ere their point they gain,
 In hardy service make a long campaign,
 Most manfully besiege the patron's gate,
 And oft repuls'd, as oft attack'd the great
 With painful art, and application warm,
 And take at last some little place by storm,
 Enough to keep two shoes on *sunday* clean,
 And starve upon discreetly in *Sheer-lane*,
 Already this thy fortune can afford,
 Then starve without the favour of my lord.
 'Tis true, great fortunes some great men confer;
 But often, ev'n in doing right, they err:
 From Caprice, not from Choice, their favours come;
 They give, but think it toil to know to whom:
 The man that's nearest, yawning they advance.

'Tis *inhumanity* to *blefs* by chance.
 If merit sues, and greatness is so loath
 To break it's downy trance, I pity both.

I grant at court, *Philander*, at his need,
 (Thanks to his lovely wife) finds friends indeed,
 Of every charm, and virtue she's possess'd.
Philander! thou art exquisitely blest,

The publick envy! now then, 'tis allow'd,
 The man is found, who may be *justly* proud;
 But, see! how sickly is Ambition's taste?
 Ambition feeds on trash, and loaths a feast;
 For lo! *Philander*, of reproach afraid,
 In secret loves his wife, but keeps her maid.

Some nymphs sell reputation, others buy,
 And love a market, where the rates run high,
Italian musick's sweet, because 'tis dear;
 Their vanity is tickled, not their ear;
 Their tastes wou'd lessen, if the prices fell,
 And *Shakeſpear*'s wretched stuff do quite as well;
 Away the disinchant'd fair would throng,
 And own, that *English* is their Mother-tongue.

To shew how much our Northern tastes refine,
 Imported nymphs our peccresses out-shine;
 While Tradesmen starve, these *Philomels* are gay;
 For generous lords had rather give, than pay.
 O lavish land for sound at such expence!
 But then she saves it in her bills for sense.

Musick I passionately love, 'tis plain,
 Since for it's sake such Dramas I sustain.

An Opera, like a Pillory, may be said
To nail our ears down, but expose our head.

Behold the Masquerade's fantastick scene!
The *Legislature* joyn'd with *Drury-lane*!
When *Britain* calls, th'embroider'd Patriots run,
And serve their country——if the dance is done.

“ Are we not then allow'd to be polite ? ”

Yes, doubtless, but first set your notions right,
Worth of Politeness is the needful ground,
Where that is wanting, this can ne'er be found.

Triflers not ev'n in Trifles can excell;

'Tis solid bodies only polish well.

Great, chosen Prophet! for these latter days,
To turn a willing world from righteous ways,
Well, *H——*, dost thou thy master serve,
Well has he seen his servant thou'd not starve.

Thou to his name hast splendid Temples rais'd,
In various forms of Worship seen him prais'd,
Gawdy Devotion, like a *Roman*, shown,
And sung sweet anthems in a tongue unknown.
Inferior offerings to thy God of Vice,
Are duly paid in Fiddles, Cards, and Dice;

Thy

Thy sacrifice supream an hundred maids!

That solemn right of midnight Masquerades!

If maids the quite-exhausted town denies,

An hundred head of cuckolds must suffice:

Thou smil'st, well pleas'd with the converted land,

To see the *fifty churches* at a stand.

And, that thy ministry may never fail,

But what thy hand has planted still prevail,

Of minor prophets a succession sure

The propagation of thy zeal secure.

See Commons, Peers, and Ministers of State

In solemn council met, and deep debate!

What godlike enterprize is taking birth?

What wonder opens on th' expecting earth?

'Tis done! with loud applause the council rings?

First is the fate of Whores, and Fiddle-strings!

Tho' bold these truths, thou, muse, with truths like these

Wilt none offend, whom 'tis a praise to please;

Let others flatter to be flatter'd, thou,

Like just Tribunals, bend an awful brow.

How

How terrible it were to common sense,
 To write a Satire, which gave none offence?
 And, since from life I take the draughts you see,
 If men dislike them, do they censure me?
 On then, my muse! and Fools, and Knaves expose,
 And, since thou canst not make a friend, make foes;
 The fool, and knave 'tis glorious to offend,
 And godlike an attempt the world to mend;
 The world, where lucky throws to *blockheads* fall,
Knaves know the game, and *honest men* pay all.

How hard for real worth to gain it's price?
 A man shall make his fortune in a trice,
 If blest with pliant, tho' but slender sense,
 Feign'd modesty, and real impudence,
 A supple knee, smooth tongue, and easy grace,
 A smile within, a curse upon your face,
 A beauteous sister, or convenient wife,
 Are prizes in the lottery of life;
 Genius, and Virtue they will soon defeat,
 And lodge you in the bosom of the great.
 To merit, is but to provide a pain
 From men's refusing what you ought to gain.

How

May,

May, *Dodington*, this Maxim fail in you;
 Whom my presaging thoughts already view
 By *Walpole's* Conduct fir'd, and friendship grac'd,
 Still higher in your Prince's favour plac'd;
 And lending here those awful Councils aid,
 Which you abroad with such success obey'd:
 Bear this from one, who holds your friendship dear;
 What most we wish, with ease we fancy near.

F I N I S.

